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LOVING ONE FOR ONE'S SELF.

THERE is a story of certain men of Gotham, who, sitting down upon the ground in a circle to converse, had some difficulty when they were about to separate in finding their own peculiar limbs. Each man insisted upon appropriating to himself the best-turned leg near him, just as one naturally does in the matter of hats at the breaking-up of an evening-party; and the *embrouillement* might have terminated in something serious had not the disputants been members of the Peace Society, and referred the question to the arbitration of a passer-by. This individual fortunately possessed at once a philosophic mind and a vigorous arm, and he applied a horsewhip so sharply to the backs of the whole circle that every man found his own legs in the twinkling of an eye.

Some persons may be disposed to doubt, in a certain measure, the authenticity of this anecdote, or even to rank our men of Gotham summarily with the personages of mythic story: but a little reflection will shew that we are all subject to mistakes and misconceptions quite as extraordinary, and of a much more wholesale nature. What is more common than for a man to lose himself in the mazes of a story, till his identity merges in that of the hero, and he is the vision by which he is haunted, till

— 'All his visage wanes,
Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit'—

when suddenly the horsewhip of Circumstance flashes over his shoulders—a door claps, a bell rings, a voice calls—and hey! presto! the illusion vanishes, and Richard's himself again!

Himself? What self? This is a puzzling word when you think of it. It is a tradition, a convention, supposed by common consent to have a meaning; which, nevertheless, waxes dimmer and more formless the more earnestly you look for it. To be loved for one's self is the grand aspiration both of romance and real life. Love of any other kind is voted a lie and a cheat, and not only so by sentimental young ladies but by the grave, staid, and even elderly of the male sex. 'It is I who must be loved,' say all with one voice, 'and not my birth, fortune, station, power—not the mere material circumstances by which I am surrounded by the accidents of the world.' 'It is I who must be loved,' says Miss Angelina, going into particulars, 'and not my beauty, shape, manner, dress, dancing, dowry, jewels: I must be loved for myself, and for myself alone; for an individuality which cannot be affected by misfortune, poverty, or even smallpox.'

Now this is what puzzles us. *What is this self?*—*what is this individuality?* It is a physiological fact that the whole of our frame, the whole of our material part, is perpetually changing; that there is not an atom of our body which was in existence, as one of its component parts, a few years ago; and that the materials of which some brief time hence we shall be composed are at present diffused throughout the different kingdoms of nature. It is obviously, therefore, not the physical bulk of Miss Angelina she calls her Self; and one does not see clearly how she can be said to have any more absolute and exclusive property in her moral and intellectual character apart from the circumstances by which it was developed.

If our fair enthusiast had chanced to be born in a cellar, and brought up in misery and crime, she would, according to her theory, have still been the same self. Will she tell us that she would still be entitled to expect the same love? If not, she cannot be loved for herself, but for the material circumstances which are part and parcel of her individuality. If she had grown up in some remote and solitary place, with a deaf-mute for her sole companion, she would still have been the same entity, and she would still have possessed, in the recesses of her moral being, the germs of those qualities which in a state of development and activity are fitted to awaken admiration. But without knowledge, without aspirations beyond those of mere animal life, and without even language to express her few ideas, would she be entitled to the love she now demands as a right?

It may be answered—for a man's self will not be quietly surrendered any more than his skin—that at the time love is won the moral and intellectual being is formed, the innate qualities developed, and that individuality constituted which is the self all seek to vindicate. But this is affixing an arbitrary and impossible limit to the progress of mind. It assumes that circumstances influence us up to a certain precise point, and that then their effect ceases suddenly, and the character, till that moment in a liquid and ductile state, cools down at once in its mould, and becomes a solid and unchangeable mass. It is unreasonable thus to have recourse to miracle even for the protection of one's self. The world in which we live is the school of circumstances, and we are usually taken home before we are half taught. It is common to say of some unexpected conduct in a man: 'We did not think him capable of it: this presents him in quite a new light—he is a different person from what we supposed him to be.' He is indeed a different self. The circumstances in which he chanced to be placed have brought out some hitherto dormant points in his character, and the man is to all intents and purposes a new being. These

circumstances are essential to the estimate we form of him, whether good or bad, whether tending to love or hate.

But the passion for being loved for one's self has led, we are told, to experiment, and this has resulted in facts that laugh at our philosophy. A gentleman who has a high opinion of the entity he calls himself, determines to ascertain in what estimation it is held by others. He takes measures, therefore, which appear to strip him of all the prestiges of wealth and rank. He becomes a bankrupt, loses his estate, lays down his carriage, exchanges his mansion for a cottage; and in this denuded condition presents himself to his lady-love. Her woman's heart, however, is as firm as a rock. She has loved him in wealth, and still loves him in poverty. The atmosphere in which they lived has changed its temperature; but she only nestles the closer to her chosen one. The material conductors between them are broken; but passion, with a finer sense than the electric fluid, overleaps the chasm. Surely this is being loved for one's self! Not at all. The gentleman only acts ruin, he does not feel it; his manner, his speech, his aspect, are the same, only touched by a melancholy which gives romance to his misfortune. The lady only hears of poverty, she does not see it; and her imagination is busy embrowning her lover's cheek with manly toil, and festooning their cottage-porch with roses and jasmine.

Real poverty is a very different thing from stage poverty. Real labourers neither work nor play in knee-breeches trimmed with ribbons, and clean white stockings; cottage girls don't go a haymaking in muslin dresses, or dust the table with snowy aprons; real gentlemen don't take kindly to their porridge or their fat bacon; neither are they partial to the crystal spring; and no more do they learn intuitively to plough and reap, but on the contrary are jeered for their ignorance and effeminacy by the cow-boys, and are a standing butt for the oxen. Our ruined gentleman would cut a very awkward, and perhaps a very unamiable figure in any other position than the one he had been accustomed to—as his faithful mistress would find if she could follow him into his new avocations. In the meantime she makes the mistake, in meditating on his changed fortune, of supposing him to be the same self by whom her heart was won; and thus her fancy carries him in a stage costume through the stern realities of the working world.

Do we say, then, that there is no such thing as disinterested love? No, ladies! no, gentlemen! we say nothing of the kind. What we say is, that the character of a man has no separate existence, so far as the perceptions of others are concerned, from the circumstances by which it has been formed, and in which it is embedded. The notion of being loved, therefore, for one's self, is mere fudge; and the witty sneers of young ladies or young gentlemen at the appliances of fortune which surround the object of their choice is mere babble. We cannot tell what a man will do if thrown out of his position; we do not know how his accomplishments will wear in another sphere of life, or what hitherto dormant qualities may rise into activity. We know and love what he is; but we neither know nor love—except in a dream and delusion—what he will be. Suppose the instance we have given to be reversed in point of station—suppose some cottage Blowalinda sees her Strepheon metamorphosed, all on a sudden, into a gentleman by some magical stroke of fortune: her affections are unchanged, for they are rivetted on *himself*, not on his clouted shoon; and her innocent imagination even pleases itself with pictures of his long coat and gloved hands. But if she could see his entrance into the new life to which he is called—his awkwardness, his ignorance, his bashfulness; if she could hear the gibes of the very servants on his manner and appearance; and, above all, if she could feel the

change his new fortune has wrought in him, and the terror with which he starts at every apparition before his fancy of his peasant mistress—she would know that the hero of her love was no more than a shadow or a memory.

But, again, do we say that there is no such thing as disinterested love? By no means. We merely say that there is no such thing as love fixed upon a mere abstraction—upon a thing irrespective of circumstance and change. The grief that is felt at a love-disappointment is like the tears that are given to the dead—tears that enshrine the living image in our memory—not the ruin that moulders in the grave. Disinterested love is found in every station, in every circle of circumstances; and in married life, more especially, where it has freer scope, it enlivens the dreariest path of adversity, and indeed festoons the humblest porch with roses and jasmine. Disinterested love is not the love of the occult self we have been groping after, but of an actual being possessed of qualities that have our sympathy and admiration, and surrounded by circumstances calculated to retain them in activity. For this being we would make any sacrifice—in great emergencies, that of life itself: but we will not stultify ourselves by affirming that we love him as an abstraction. In the above instances we have seen that generous love remains even after its object has been stripped of everything by which it was won. But this, philosophically considered, is the love of one who exists merely in our memory, and with whom the actual man identifies himself only in those comparatively rare cases where great, or good, or merely pleasing qualities are so firmly embedded in the character as to survive the shock of change.

TALES OF THE COAST-GUARD.

ALLY SOMERS.

When I joined the *Scorpion* sloop of war, then (1810) on the West India station, there were a father and son amongst the crew whose names, as borne on the ship's books, were John Somers and John *Alice* Somers. The oddity in this country of giving a boy a female baptismal name had been no doubt jestingly remarked upon by those who were aware of it, but with the sailors the lad passed as *Ally* Somers. The father was approaching fifty, the son could not have been more than seventeen years of age. The elder Somers, who had attained to the rating of a boatswain, was a stern, hard, silent man, with a look as cold and clear as polished steel, and a cast-iron mouth, indicative of inflexible, indomitable firmness of will and resolution. The son, on the contrary, though somewhat resembling his father in outline of feature, had a mild, attractive, almost feminine aspect, and a slight graceful frame. I was not long in discovering that, obdurate and self-engrossed as the man appeared, the boy was really the idol-image in which his affections and his hopes were centred. His eye constantly followed the motions of the lad, and it appeared to be his unceasing aim and study to lighten the duties he had to perform, and to shield him from the rough usage to which youngsters in his position were generally subjected by the motley crews of those days. One day a strong instance in proof of this master-feeling occurred. Ally Somers some time previously, when on shore with a party despatched to obtain a supply of water, had, during the temporary absence of the officer in command, been rather severely rope's-ended by one of the seamen for some trifling misconduct, and a few slight marks were left on the lad's back. The rage of the father, when informed of the circumstance, was extreme, and it was with difficulty that he was restrained from inflicting instant chastisement on the offender. An opportunity for partially wreaking his hoarded vengeance occurred

about six weeks afterwards, and it was eagerly embraced. The sailor who had ill-used young Somers was sentenced to receive two dozen lashes for drunkenness and insubordination. He was ordered to strip, placed at the gratings, and the punishment began. Somers the boatswain, iron or sour-tempered as he might be, was by no means harsh or cruel in his office, and his assistants, upon whom the revolting office of flogging usually devolved, influenced by him, were about the gentlest-handed boatswain's-mates I ever saw practise. On this occasion he was in another and very different mood. Two blows only had been struck when Somers, with an angry rebuke to the mate for not doing his duty, snatched the cat from his hand, and himself lashed the culprit with a ferocity so terribly effective, that Captain Boyle, a merciful and just officer, instantly remitted half the number of lashes, and the man was rescued from the unsparing hands of the vindictive boatswain.

Other instances of the intensity of affection glowing within the stern man's breast for his comparatively weak and delicate boy manifested themselves. Once in action, when the lad, during a tumultuous and murderous struggle, in beating off a determined attempt to carry the sloop by boarding, chanced to stumble on the slippery deck, he was overtaken before he could recover himself, and involved in the fierce assault which at the fore-castle was momentarily successful. I was myself hotly engaged in another part of the fight; but attention being suddenly called to the forepart of the ship by the enemy's triumphant shouts, I glanced round just in time to see the boatswain leap, with the yell and bound of a tiger, into the mêlée, and strike right and left with such tremendous ferocity and power as instantly to check the advancing rush. Our men promptly rallied, and the deck was in a few minutes cleared of every living foe that had recently profaned it. Ally Somers, who had received a rather severe flesh wound, and fainted from loss of blood, was instantly caught up by his father, and carried with headlong impatience below. When the surgeon, after a brief look at the hurt, said: 'There is no harm done, Somers,' the high-strung nerves of the boatswain gave way, and he fell back upon a locker temporarily prostrate and insensible from sudden revulsion of feeling. Several times I was an unintentional auditor of scraps of conversation between the two whilst the lad was on the sick-list, from which I gathered that Ally was the sole issue of a marriage which had left bitter memories in the mind of the father; but whether arising from the early death of his wife, or other causes, I did not ascertain. Somers was, it appeared, a native of the west of England, and it was quite evident had received a much better education than usually falls to individuals of his class.

At the close of the war Somers and his son were, with thousands of others, turned adrift from the royal service. Some months after my appointment to the command of the revenue-cutter, I chanced to meet the father in the village of Talton, about four miles out of Southampton, on the New Forest Road. He had I found re-entered the navy, but chancing to receive a hurt by the falling of a heavy block on his right knee, had been invalided with a small pension, upon which he was now living at about a hundred yards from the spot where we had accidentally met. Ally, he informed me, was the skipper of a small craft trading between Guernsey and Southampton. There was little change in the appearance of the man except that the crippled condition of his leg appeared to have had an effect the reverse of softening upon his stern and rugged aspect and temper. When paid off he was, I knew, entitled to a considerable sum in prize-money, the greater part of which he told me he had recently received.

About a couple of months after this meeting with the father I fell in with the son. I was strolling at about

eleven in the forenoon along the front of the Southampton customhouse, when my eye fell upon a young man, in a seaman's dress, busily engaged with three others in loading a cart with bundles of laths which had been landed shortly before from a small vessel alongside the quay. It was Ally Somers sure enough; and so much improved in looks since I last saw him, that but for a certain air of fragility—inherited probably from his mother—he might have been pronounced a handsome fine young fellow. The laths, upwards of two hundred bundles, which he was so busily assisting to cart, he had brought from Guernsey, and were a very common importation from that island: Guernsey possessing the right of sending its own produce customs free to England, a slight duty, only tantamount to what the foreign timber of which the laths were made would have been liable to, was levied upon them, and this was ascertained by the proper officer simply measuring the length and girth of the bundles. This had been done, and the laths marked as 'passed.' It struck me that the manner of Ally Somers was greatly flurried and excited, and when he saw me approaching, evidently with an intention to accost him, this agitation perceptibly increased. He turned deadly pale, and absolutely trembled with ill-concealed apprehension. He was somewhat reassured by my frank salutation; and after a few commonplace inquiries I walked away, evidently to his great relief, and he with his sailors continued their eager work of loading the cart. I could not help suspecting that something was wrong, though I could not make up my mind to verify the surmise his perturbed and hurried manner excited. Once in a skirmish on shore his father, the boatswain, had saved my life by sending a timely bullet through the head of a huge negro who held me for the moment at his mercy. Besides I might be wrong after all, and I had no right to presume that the officer who had passed the laths had not made a sufficient examination of them. The flurry of the young man might arise from physical weakness and the severe labour he was performing in such hot weather. These reasons, or more truly these excuses for doing nothing, were passing through my brain, when I observed the hasty approach of the collector of customs himself towards the cart, followed by several of his subordinates. Young Somers saw him as quickly as I did, and the young man's first impulse, it was quite plain, was flight. A thought no doubt of the hopelessness of such an attempt arrested his steps, and he stood quaking with terror by the side of the cart, his right hand grasping for support at one of the wheel-spokes.

'One of you lend me a knife,' said the collector, addressing the officers of customs.

A knife was quickly opened and handed to him: he severed the strong cords which bound one of the bundles of laths together, and they flew asunder, disclosing a long tin tube of considerable diameter, closely rammed with tobacco! All the other bundles contained a similar deposit; and so large was the quantity of the heavily-taxed weed thus unexpectedly made lawful prize of, that a profit, I was assured, of not less than £500 or £600 would have been made by the audacious smuggler had he succeeded in his bold and ingenious attempt. The ends of the bundles had been filled up with short pieces of lath, so that, except by the process now adopted, it was impossible to detect that the cargo was not *bona fide* what it had been declared to be. The penalties to which Somers had rendered himself liable were immense, the vessel also was forfeited, and the unfortunate young man's liberty at the mercy of the crown. He looked the very picture of despair, and I felt assured that ruin, utter and complete, had fallen upon him.

He was led off in custody, and had gone some dozen paces when he stopped shortly, appeared to make some request to the officers by whom he was escorted, and

then turning round, intimated by a supplicatory gesture that he wished to speak to me. I drew near, and at my request the officers fell back out of hearing. He was so utterly prostrated by the calamity by which he had been so suddenly overtaken, that he could not for several moments speak intelligibly. I felt a good deal concerned for so mere a boy, and one too so entirely unfitted by temperament and nerve to carry through such desperate enterprises, or bear up against their failure.

'This is a bad business,' I said; 'but the venture has not, I trust, been made with your own or your father's money?'

'Every penny of it,' he replied in a dry, fainting voice, 'was our own. Father lent me all his prize-money, and we are both miserable beggars.'

'What in the name of madness could induce you to venture your all upon a single throw in so hazardous a game?'

'I will tell you,' he went on hurriedly to say in the same feeble and trembling tone: 'I am not fitted for a sea-life—not strong, not hardy enough. I longed for a quiet, peaceful home ashore. A hope of one offered itself. I made the acquaintance of Richard Sylvester, a miller near Ealing. He is a good man, but griping as far as money is concerned. I formed an attachment for his eldest daughter Maria; and he consented to our union, and to taking me as a partner in his business, if I could pay down five hundred pounds. I was too eager to wait long; besides I thought that perhaps— But it boots not to speak of that now: I set more than life upon this cast; I have lost, and am now bankrupt of resource or hope! Will you break this news to my father, and see?— His remaining firmness gave way as the thought he would have uttered struggled to his lips, and the meek-hearted young man burst into tears, and wept piteously like a girl. A number of persons were collecting round us, and I gently urged him to walk on to the customhouse. A few minutes afterwards I left him there, with a promise to comply with his request without delay.

I found John Somers at home, and had scarcely uttered twenty words when he jumped at once to the true conclusion.

'Out with it, sir!' exclaimed the steel-nerved man. 'But you need not; I see it all. Ally has failed—the tobacco has been seized—and he is in prison.'

Spite of himself his breath came thick and short, and he presently added with a fierce burst, whilst a glance of fire leaped from his eyes: 'He has been betrayed, and I think I know by whom.'

'Your suspicion that he has been informed against is very likely correct, but you will, I think, have some difficulty in ascertaining by whom. The customhouse authorities are careful not to allow the names of their informants to leak through their office-doors.'

'I would find him were he hidden in the centre of the earth!' rejoined the ex-boatswain with another vengeful outcry which startled one like an explosion. 'But,' added the strong and fierce-willed man after a few moments' silence, 'it's useless prating of the matter like a wench. We must part company at once. I thank you, sir, and will tell Ally you have called.' I mentioned the other request made by his son. 'That is a rotten plank to hold by,' he said. 'Ally's chance is over there, and it would be mere waste of time to call on the old man: his resolution is hard and unyielding as his own millstones. Maria Sylvester is gone with the five hundred pounds her father bargained for; and the girl's tears, if she shed any, will soon be dry. I warned Ally of the peril of steering his course in life by the deceptive light of woman's capricious smiles and vanities; but he, poor, flexible, gentle-minded boy, heeded me not. I may not longer delay: he will be anxious to see me. Good-day, sir.'

The consequence which I chiefly feared came to pass,

even more speedily than I had apprehended. It being impossible to liquidate the penalties incurred, Ally Somers was imprisoned as a crown debtor; and at that period, whatever may be the case now, revenue penalties could not be got rid of by insolvent-court schedules. The prospect of an indefinite term of imprisonment, with other causes of grief and depression, broke down the always fragile health of the prisoner, and he died, ere yet his youth was well begun, after about six months' confinement only.

The tidings were brought me by the old man himself. I was seated in the cabin of the *Rose* cutter when it was announced that John Somers was alongside in a boat, and wished to see me. I directed that he should be allowed to come aboard, and presently the old man, with despair visible in every line of his countenance, in every glance of his restless, flaming eyes, entered the cabin.

'I am come to tell you, sir, that Ally is dead.'

'I was somewhat prepared for this bad news, Mr Somers,' I answered. 'It's hard upon you, but it should be bravely borne with.'

He laughed strangely. 'To be sure, to be sure,' he said, 'that is wise counsel—very wise; but that which I want now more than wise counsel is ten pounds—ten pounds, which I shall never be able to repay.'

'Ten pounds!'

'Yes: you may remember that I once saved your life. If that piece of service was worth the sum I have mentioned, you can now discharge the obligation. I have parted with everything, and Ally's last prayer was to be buried beside his— Beside a grave, an early and untimely one, like his own, many miles away.'

'I understand: it is a natural and pious wish, and you shall have the money.'

'Thank you. The funeral over, I have but one more thing to do in life, and that is to assist you in securing Cocquerel whilst running one of his most valuable cargoes.'

'Cocquerel, the Guernseyman you mean?'

'Ay, so he calls himself; but I fancy he at one time hailed from another port. He is the man who sold Ally's secret to the revenue-officers!'

'Are you sure?'

'As death! He was Ally's only confidant, and Ally's father is now in Cocquerel's confidence. It is but natural,' added Somers, and a bitter, deadly sneer curled his ashy lips—'it is but natural, you know, that I should be eager to assist in pillaging a government which caged my son, and held him under its iron bars till life had fled. Cocquerel understands this, and trusts me fully; but that which he does not understand, know, or suspect,' continued the fierce old man, sinking his voice to a whisper, and leaning forward with his face close to mine, 'is that John Somers has found out *who* it was that sold his boy's life! Did he know that, and know me too, there would be sounder sleepers than he in these dark nights.'

'What do you mean?'

'Nothing more, of course,' he replied in a more checked and guarded tone, 'than to retort the trick he played Ally something after his own fashion.'

'That is a fair revenge enough, and I'll not balk you. Now, then, for your plan.'

Various details were discussed, and it was settled that on that day-week Somers was again to communicate with me. He then took leave.

At the appointed time Somers returned, and appeared to be in high but flighty spirits. Everything was, he said, arranged, and success all but certain. His scheme was then canvassed and finally agreed upon, and he again left the vessel.

The arrangement for the surprise and capture of Cocquerel was this:—That notorious smuggler intended running a large cargo on the coast of Dorsetshire, on the north of Portland, at a place where the cliffs are high, precipitous, and abrupt, and at that time very

inefficiently watched by the shore-force. Near the spot selected is or was a kind of cavern worn by the action of the sea in the chalky stratum, which at neap-tides was partially dry, and at the time of our enterprise would effectually conceal a boat from the observation of any one who did not actually peer in directly at its mouth. Cocquerel was to leave Guernsey the next day in a large boat, with two lug-sails, but chiefly depending for speed upon its sweeps. It was calculated that he would reach his destination about midnight. Somers had undertaken the duty of shore-signalman, and if danger were apprehended, was to warn the smugglers that hawks were abroad by burning a blue-light. The manner of running the cargo was to be this:—Somers was provided with a windlass and sufficient length of rope, with a kind of rope-cradle at the end of it, in which a man could sit, or a couple of kegs be slung, to reach the boat. The windlass he was to secure firmly at the edge of the cliff, and two or three of the men having been drawn up, other windlasses were to be fixed, by means of which it was calculated that in about half an hour the entire cargo would be safely carried off by the carts which Somers had undertaken to have ready on the spot. The signal for our appearance on the scene of action, the positive old man persisted, should be that agreed upon for the warning of the smugglers—the sudden ignition of a blue-light. This did not seem the cleverest possible mode of procedure; but as the cavern in which we were to conceal ourselves was but a few yards northward of the spot marked out for the landing, and Somers promised he would only give the signal when the smugglers were in full work, I had little fear that, if other accidents did not capsize our scheme, they would be able to escape us.

The next afternoon the largest boat belonging to the *Rose* was fully manned; and leaving the cutter quietly at anchor in the Southampton river just above Calshot, we pulled with the tide—for there was but a light air, and that favourable for the smugglers, not for us—to our hiding-place, which we reached about eight o'clock in the evening.

The hours crept very slowly and dismally away, amidst the darkness and hoarse echoes and moanings of the cavern, into which the sea and wind, which were gradually rising, dashed and howled with much and increasing violence. Occasional peeps at my watch, by the light of a lantern carefully shaded seaward, warned us that ten, eleven, twelve, one o'clock had passed, without bringing the friends we so anxiously expected, and fears of ultimate disappointment were chilling us far more than the cold night-breeze, when a man in the bow of the boat said in a whisper that he could hear the dash of oars. We all instantly listened with eager attention; but it was not till we had brought the boat to the entrance of the opening that the man's assertion was verified. There it was clear enough; and the near approach of a large boat, with the regular jerk of the oars or sweeps, was distinctly audible. The loud, clear hail of their shore-signalman, answered by the 'All right' of the smugglers, left no doubt that the expected prey was within our grasp; and I had a mind to pounce upon them at once, but was withheld by a promise which I had been obliged several times to repeat, that I would not under any circumstances do so till the signal-flame sent its light over the waters.

As soon as the noise and bustle of laying in the sweeps, lowering the sails, and unstepping the masts, had subsided, we heard Somers hail the boat, and insist that the captain should come up before any of the others, as there was a difficulty about the carts which he alone could settle. The reply was a growl of assent, and we could hear by the click of the check to the cog-wheel of the windlass that Somers was paying out the rope. Presently Cocquerel was heard to get into the

cradle I have spoken of, to which a line was fastened in order to steady his ascent from below. The order was given to turn away, and the renewed click, click, announced that he was ascending the face of the cliff. I could hardly comprehend this manœuvre, which seemed to indicate the escape of the man we were the most anxious to secure, and the order to shove off was just on my lips when a powerful blue-light flamed suddenly forth, accompanied by a fierce but indistinct shout, or roar rather, from Somers. The men replied by a loud cheer, and we shot smartly out; but having, to avoid a line of reef, to row in a straight direction for about a cable's length, the smugglers, panic-stricken and bewildered as they were, had time to get way upon their lugger, and were plying their sweeps with desperate energy before the revenue-boat was fairly turned in direct pursuit. The frantic effort to escape was vain, and so was the still more frantic effort at resistance offered when we ran alongside. We did not hurt them much: one or two were knocked down by the sailors' brass-butted pistols; and after being secured, they had leisure to vent their rage in polyglot curses, part French, part English, and part Guernsey *patois*, and I to look round and see what had become of Cocquerel.

The blue-light still shed a livid radiance all around, and to my inexpressible horror and dismay, I saw that the unfortunate man was suspended in the rope cradle, within about a fathom's length of the brow of the cliff, upon which Somers was standing and gazing at his victim with looks of demonic rage and triumph. The deadly trap contrived by the inexorable old man was instantly apparent, and to Cocquerel's frenzied screams for help I replied by shouting to him to cut himself loose at once, as his only chance, for the barrel of a pistol gleamed distinctly in the hands of Somers.

'Lieutenant Warneford,' cried the exulting maniac—he was nothing less—'I have caught this Cocquerel nicely for you—got him swinging here in the prettiest cradle he was ever rocked in in his life—Ha! ha! ha!'

'Cut loose at once!' I again shouted; and the men, as terribly impressed as myself with the horror of the wretched smuggler's position, swept the boat rapidly towards the spot. 'Somers, if you shoot that man you shall die on the gallows.'

'Cut himself loose, do you say, lieutenant?' screamed Somers, heedless of my last observation. 'He can't! He has no knife—ha! ha! ha! And if he had, this pistol would be swifter than that; but I'll cut him loose presently, never fear. Look here, Jacques Cocquerel,' he continued, laying himself flat down on the cliff, and stretching his right arm over it till the mouth of his pistol was within a yard of Cocquerel's head, 'this contains payment in full for your kindness to Ally Somers—a debt which I could in no other manner completely repay.'

At this moment the blue-light suddenly expired, and we were involved in what by contrast was total darkness. We could still, however, hear the frantic laughter and exulting gibes of the merciless old man in answer to Cocquerel's shrieking appeals for mercy; and after a while, when the figures of the two men had become partially visible, we could distinguish the words, 'One, two, three,' followed by the report of a pistol, and a half minute afterwards a dark body shot down the white face of the cliff, and disappeared beneath the waters!

The body of Cocquerel never reappeared, and the only tidings I ever heard of Somers were contained in the following paragraph which I read some years afterwards in the 'Hampshire Telegraph,' a journal at that time published at Portsmouth:—

'The body of an aged, wretched man was found frozen to death in the churchyard on Wednesday morning last, near two adjoining graves, one of which, that of Alice Maynard, recalls the painful circumstances

connected with the sad story of the death of that ill-fated, and, as we believe, entirely innocent person. At the inquest holden on Friday, it was ascertained beyond a doubt that the deceased is John Maynard, who, after his wife's untimely death, assumed the name of Somers, and was, we believe, the person who shot a French smuggler, with whom he had quarrelled, at the back of the Isle of Wight, under somewhat peculiar circumstances, about seven years ago. He was buried in the grave that contains the body of his son, John Alice Maynard, which was interred there shortly before the commission of the homicide just alluded to. There has never been to our knowledge any regular investigation of that affair, but we believe that then, as before, Maynard's pistol was pointed by a frantic and causeless jealousy.—(*Plymouth paper*.)

There are several mistakes sufficiently obvious to the reader in this paragraph, but of the main fact that John Somers, *alias* Maynard, perished as described in the Devonshire journal, there can be no reasonable doubt.

VISIT TO THE ABERDEEN COMBWORKS.

SINCE the days when King David I., of saintly memory, erected into a bishop's see 'the hallow village of old Aberdeen'—since the time when salmon-fish and granite-stone first became articles of its local export in the thirteenth century, Aberdeen has continued to maintain a character of singular enterprise and originality. Notwithstanding its many natural disadvantages and remote situation from the great produce-markets of the country, it has, nevertheless, with the quiet though determined perseverance which characterises its inhabitants, gradually assumed an important position as a seat of our Scottish manufacture, and bids fair at no distant date to be as much celebrated for its superiority in this respect as it has been in past ages as a school of philosophy and learning. On more than one occasion we have adverted to the progress of Aberdeen, and not only with regard to its material prosperity, but also to the liberal and enlightened spirit with which those perplexing social questions are treated that conspire so much to disturb the peaceable and harmonious progress of society. To this place we are indebted for the first successful example of that class of humble yet serviceable educational institutions that have since become so widely known as Ragged Schools; and even in the apparently unimportant subject before us, it can easily be perceived that something like the same characteristic energy is exhibited.

Within our recollection, combmaking was considered one of the most miserable of trades, and equally destitute of anything like an organised *modus operandi* with that of the perambulating artisans who possessed a certain skill in the fashioning of rams' horns into spoons and rejoiced in the ancient and expressive designation of Horners. On a late visit to Aberdeen, however, we found the manufacture of combs carried on there not only to an extent far exceeding our preconceived notions of the trade, but flourishing in a state of high and skillful organisation; and we hastened to visit the combworks of Messrs Stewart, Rowell, & Co., who possess the reputation of being by far the largest combmakers in this country or in the world. There is another manufactory in Aberdeen, that of Mr John Macpherson, on a much smaller though still considerable scale. We have no room to follow the steps by which Aberdeen came to be the seat of this particular branch of industry; but before describing the system of combmaking there, we shall take a short retrospective glance at the general history of the comb, in order to illustrate the various changes it has passed through, and its gradual elevation to a respectable position in the manufactures of the country.

It is impossible to state with any degree of accuracy the time when this implement first became an indispensable requisite of the toilet; but from what we can glean from the ancient writers it would appear to have been of Egyptian origin. The Greeks and Romans used combs made of boxwood, which they obtained, as we do ourselves, from the shores of the Euxine Sea; and the mountain-ridge of Cyturus, in Galatia, was particularly celebrated for this product. According to a modern Italian author (Guasco), combs were also formed of silver, iron, bronze, but in no instance do we find the modern material of shell or horn. In addition to the wooden combs found in their tombs, it has been proved that the Egyptians had ivory combs, toothed on one side, which gradually came into use among the Greeks and Romans; but from specimens of the remains of combs found at Pompeii, together with representations on the Amyclæan tables, it would seem that the Greeks, who were remarkably studious and careful in arranging their hair, used them, with teeth on both sides, exactly similar to our small-tooth-combs.

The mediæval progress of the comb exhibits, like everything else of its class, much curious elaboration with but little improvement in utility. In the fifteenth volume of the 'Archæologia' there is a representation of an ivory comb found in the ruins of Inkleton Nunnery, Cambridgeshire, containing some Anglo-Saxon design exquisitely carved in relief, but with such teeth as a common boor in our day would treat with contempt. About this period we find Chaucer commenting on the many absurd articles of female attire, at a time when both sexes tied up their hair in a 'licorous fashion' with ivory pins; and, curious enough, one of the earliest specimens of English combs extant was dug up in 1764 from beneath the lowest of the three paved streets, which lie—memorials of their several ages—under the present Shiprow Street of Aberdeen; and it was supposed to have lain there ever since Edward III. burned and ruined the city in 1336.

In modern days the comb probably reached its most costly and ornamental state at the luxurious court of Louis XIV., where hair-dressing was an art more appreciated and often better paid than the higher efforts of genius. Combs of ivory and of tortoise-shell, richly inlaid with gold and pearl, formed an essential adjunct of the toilet of the court beauties of Versailles. In this country the fabrication of horn into combs was a very ancient process, and chiefly resided, as it still does, in England, in Yorkshire and the midland counties. But towards the end of last century the increased demand for combs established makers all over the country; and in Scotland there were one or two houses of some eminence in the trade at the period—some twenty-five years back—at which we have now arrived. It was, however, one of those trades that, in so far as its artificers were concerned, would not stand investigation. Making combs on nearly the same principles as those pursued by their forefathers for generations before them—that is to say, by simply cutting out the interspace between the teeth with various sorts and sizes of saws—its followers, barely entitled to the name of skilled workmen, were dissipated, unsettled, and irregular in their habits.

We come now to treat of the grand era in the comb trade—of the time when it was destined, like the great staple manufactures of our country, to undergo a revolution. The introduction into the trade of machinery and steam-power, with, as a collateral result, the division of labour, is at once suggestive of an important stride in the march of progress. About the year 1828 Mr Lynn invented a machine of a singularly ingenious design and construction, having for its principal object that of cutting two combs out of one plate of horn or tortoise-shell; and two years afterwards Messrs Stewart, Rowell, & Co. commenced the manufacture

in Aberdeen. To the first of these circumstances the trade was indebted for the successful idea of a machine, which effected at the same time a saving of half the material, and an increase of produce almost inconceivable. To the latter it is still more indebted for the first application of steam-power to the machinery; and, what we think of infinitely greater importance, the introduction of those true principles in the philosophy of production so logically contended for by Adam Smith—a philosophy which, in its legitimate application, has the invariable effect of elevating alike the character of the produce and the producers.

We shall, however, most appropriately represent the combined effect of these improvements on the trade by taking the reader along with us in a cursory view of the principal departments of the Aberdeen Comb-works. Provided with an intelligent cicerone in the person of one of the clerks of the office, we began our investigations; and as an essential preliminary, were first shewn specimens of the various kinds of raw material. In the order of its intrinsic value this consists of tortoise-shell, horns, and hoofs. Ivory in our day is reserved almost exclusively for the manufacture of small-tooth-combs, which forms a branch of the ivory trade, and is entirely distinct from the one now before us.

Of the first of these materials, tortoise-shell, the best adapted to manufacturing purposes is the shell, or rather scales of a horny contexture which enclose the sea-tortoise, *Testudo imbricata*. It is to be found in all warm latitudes; but the best species are indigenous to Hindostan, the Indian Archipelago, and the shores of the Red Sea. The price of this article we are apt to think excessive. At present it is 35s. per lb., and ten years ago it was nearly double that price. It forms, however, a valuable article of importation.

There are two chief divisions in the second article, horn; namely, buffalo and ox horns, both of which are imported from various parts of the globe. Buffalo-horn is, however, for the most part used in the manufacture of knife-handles, and such-like articles in the cutlery trade. In combmaking it is chiefly used for dressing-combs; and, generally speaking, all combs of a deep black colour are formed of this material. The best buffalo-horns are obtained from the East Indies, and incomparably the finest are those of the Indian buffalo from Siam. We were shewn a beautiful specimen of Siamese horns, which, from their extraordinary dimensions, had been preserved and polished. One of them measured 5 feet from tip to base, 18½ inches in circumference at the widest part, and weighed 14 lbs. Some conception may be formed of the extraordinary size of an animal which can support such a weight on the frontal-bone, if we recollect that a good specimen of an English ox-horn weighs only 1 lb.

Ox-horns, again, constitute the staple of comb-making, and are imported into this country along with hides from the South American states, the Cape of Good Hope, and New South Wales. The imports, however, are chiefly sustained from the enormous herds of South American black-cattle, which have multiplied to such an extent in the Brazilian territories that they are now slaughtered for the sake of their hides and horns, and their carcases left to be devoured by the innumerable carnivorous animals which infest the jungles. The ox-horns entered for consumption in Great Britain in 1850 numbered 1,250,000; and the average price is about L.50 per ton.

The material of hoofs depends for its supply on the German and home markets; and its value at this moment is about L.12 per ton. Hoofs are used generally in the manufacture of the cheapest description of combs; but although the least valuable material, it is the subject of the most costly and ingenious mechanical appliances in the process of its manufacture.

At the time of our visit the quantity of horns and

hoofs in stock amounted to upwards of one hundred tons of each. This immense mass of horns was contained in a large storehouse for the purpose, a glance into which has a curious effect on the visitor; and in truth we could not repress a thought somewhat akin to what we might have entertained on seeing the like quantity of human skulls. Enormous piles of different varieties of horns—from the delicate curvature of the small Highland ox to the equally beautiful but enormous *cornu* of the ferocious buffalo of the Cape; from the Smithfield horns, immortal in story, to those of the gigantic buffalo of Thibet and Siam—all lay prostrate here, piled together in inextricable confusion.

After taking a look at the steam-engine, which is of fifty horse-power, and we were informed the largest of the horizontal kind in Scotland, we proceeded to the first stage of the manufacture, where the horns are cut into assorted sizes by means of a circular saw. A horn is twice cut transversely, and afterwards, if a large one, longitudinally. The tips or extremities of the horn here cut off are sent to Sheffield, where they are converted into table-knife and umbrella handles; and in this operation 16,000 horns can be cut up in a week. Instead of being divided in this manner, the hoofs in their first stage are, after being boiled for a certain time, to render the fibre soft, cut into two pieces; or rather the sole is stamped out by means of vertical punching-machines of the same irregular conformation.

The horns and hoofs thus cut are then brought in pieces into the pressing department, which occupies the whole basement-floor of one part of the building. The first thing that strikes the visitor on entering here is the peculiar and easily-distinguishable odour of burnt horn, which indeed is also predominant throughout the works. This arises from the high temperature necessary to the fabrication of horn, which to a greater or less extent effects decomposition of the material, and is invariably accompanied with the disengagement of the peculiar gases which create the odour. Along the floor of this department are erected thirty-six furnaces of a peculiar construction, and at each of these a man and boy were busily engaged in shaping the cut horns into flat plates, by first heating the pieces and then cutting them to the required shape with a knife: they were then inserted between screw-blocks, and pressed perfectly flat. If, however, the plates are required for stained combs, as the greater part of them generally are, a different mode of pressing is pursued. Into a rectangular cast-iron trough about 2½ feet long by 12 inches wide and deep, a number of iron hot-plates are put; they are then oiled on their surface, and the plates of horn inserted between them; a wedge is next driven into the press by the percussion-force of a ram, or weight falling from a height of eight feet, producing a force of about 120 tons. This pressure exercised on the horn contained within the iron plates has the effect of breaking the fibre to a certain extent, and forcing it to expand in a lateral direction. Curious enough, whatever may have been the original colour of the horn, it is now of a uniform dark-green colour, and perfectly soft. This peculiar treatment renders the horny tissues more pervious to the chemical action of acids, and will be better understood when we arrive at the subsequent operation of staining.

But the ram and wedge is not the only means of pressure employed. Around the apartment were arranged 120 iron screw-presses—letters of the second order, and differing only from a common vice in pressing under the screw after the manner of nut-crackers. They are fitted with steel dies with a variety of engraved designs, and into these braid-combs, the outside coverings of pocket-combs and side-combs are pressed. In accordance with the spirit of the times, we were shewn a new impression on pocket-combs of a very nicely-executed representation of the Crystal Palace. A man exert-

ing his strength on one of these presses can produce a force of upwards of fifty tons. But however great, the pressure is still insufficient. The enormous demand for the cheap side-combs formed of hoof led to the farther application of hydraulic pressure. The two portions of the hoof produced in the first stage are brought into this department, and after being boiled a second time in a number of little troughs, with a steam-jet in each of them to preserve the necessary temperature, the fleshy matter and other excrescences still adhering are pared off. They are then transferred to an adjoining room, where sixteen hydraulic presses are at work, by means of a small oscillating engine of three or four horse-power for their exclusive use; and here those little strips of hoof are subjected to a pressure of 300 tons, and with a degree of speed and precision that is truly astonishing. They come out of the press in the form of small semi-transparent rectangular plates, having on each side the rounded projection or beading observable on most side-combs. We may remark here that this application of hydraulic pressure seems to us to be highly ingenious. In pressing a bale of cotton goods, for example, it is to a certain extent immaterial whether the pressure exceed that required by a few tons; but with the fibrous tissue of a plate of horn the case is widely different: pressure it will sustain to a certain point, but should this be exceeded by a single ton or a single pound, the fibre is split and broken, and the material destroyed. To illustrate the resistless force of this pressure, we were informed that the very cast-steel dies which give shape to the hoof soon become crushed and worn out; and it was not without some nice calculation and experiment that the application of hydraulic pressure to the purpose was thus successfully attained. After having received the necessary formation by the various modes of pressing, the plates are laid aside to dry in a room where a high temperature is preserved by means of steam-pipes, and where they are also assorted into different sizes, and the edges squared with circular saws. The number of such plates, of shell, horn, and hoof, in stock at the time of our visit, was somewhere about four millions and a half!

From this they are again distributed to the different processes in order—the next of which is cutting the teeth. Certain classes of horn-plates, however, are subjected to a farther process of planing on the surface preliminary to this operation; but in all plates which have been hot-pressed, and are intended to be stained, this is unnecessary, and therefore they are at once taken when perfectly dry to the cutting department.

On entering this department the visitor gets a little bewildered. The incessant and peculiar clatter of the machinery—unlike any noise we ever heard—the heat of the place, and apparent confusion, produce together a most curious effect. A very little observation, however, serves to show that we have now arrived at the basis of all the modern improvements in combmaking. Situated on benches around the apartment, in close proximity to each other, were twenty-four 'twinning-machines'—the invention, with all its subsequent improvements, to which we have referred. Each of these machines is worked by a man, with an attendant imp, who keeps up a supply of hot plates from the numerous fires arranged for that purpose in the centre of the room. It is impossible without diagrams to explain the principles and construction of this ingenious apparatus; but there can be no mistaking its effect. A plate of horn, after being heated, is placed on a small carriage within the cast-iron frame of the machine, which travels by means of a particular arrangement of gearing on parallel slides. Immediately over this are situated two angular-shaped chisel-like cutters, which, on the application of the motive power, descend on the horn with a curious alternating motion, and an incon-

ceivable degree of rapidity and force. Almost in a moment before we could well see, far less understand, the rationale of the process, we were shewn the plate of horn cut in two pieces—the one half literally taken out of the other; and each of them presenting the well-defined outline of a comb. In this cutting department resides the perfection of that beautiful mechanism that first revolutionised the trade and reduced it to mathematical precision. To appreciate this invention we have only to look at the increase it has effected in the produce. A combmaker of the old school could not perhaps, with all his skill, cut more than eighty or a hundred combs per day; while with the machinery one man and a boy will cut upwards of two thousand of the same kind of comb, and that, too, with a consumption of only half the material. The finer dressing-combs, however, and all small-tooth-combs, are still cut by means of circular saws, which process constitutes the next cutting department. Here, however, a moderately curious visitor will not linger. A dense atmosphere of horn-dust pervades the large apartment, which gives to everything within its influence the white dusty appearance that distinguishes a flour-mill, to which indeed at first sight it bears a striking resemblance. From the few hurried notes we took, however, we learn that here there are wheels on the fine self-acting machinery, in connection with the cutting and pointing of combs, that revolve 5000 times in a minute, and saws so delicately fine as to cut forty teeth within the space of an inch.

We here instituted some inquiry as to the effect on the operatives of this animalised atmosphere, and were informed that it was not known to be injurious. On the contrary, it was stated as a singular fact, in connection with the late visitation of cholera in Aberdeen, that not a single combmaker had been affected by the disease, at least fatally; whence it may be inferred, although we do not pretend to assign the reason, that the fabrication of horn must be attended with considerable anti-miasmatic effects. At all events it is certain that horn-dust cannot exercise that injurious action on the air-passages and the lungs which is experienced in many trades, such as that of the steel-grinders of Sheffield.

Passing over one or two intermediate stages after the combs are thus cut and twinned—such as 'thinning' on the outer edge by means of grindstones, and 'pointing' by means of peculiarly-shaped bevel-saws—we arrive at the next department in order, where the necessary finishing is given to the comb by the hand. Here we meet with the only true remains of the artificers of combs that were, who still, with a pertinacious reverence for ancient usages, preserve among themselves the appellation of combmakers *par excellence*, forgetting that the very boys and girls in their respective departments play as important a part in the aggregate production. And yet, in their peculiar province, they are well deserving of commendation. The specimens of elaborate and skilful ornamentation displayed here, especially on ladies' braid-combs, were truly admirable; and one pattern in particular was shewn us wherein there was a species of chain, formed of beautifully-stained horn, interwoven with the head of the comb, which, although we examined minutely, and knew there must have been a joint in each alternate link, we nevertheless failed to discover it. It is in this department that the teeth of the combs are smoothed and rounded—an operation technically termed 'grailing'—which is effected by different sorts of cutting rasps. So far as the making or formation is concerned, the combs are now finished.

At the opposite side of the buildings we were then taken to the department where the staining process is carried on. This will be better understood if described as the imitation on the various classes of combs of the natural diversity of tint in tortoise-shell. The horn,

whether in the form of plates, as in the side-combs, or after being 'twinned,' as in dressing-combs, is first immersed in diluted nitric acid, which, with its characteristic action on all organised tissues, creates a deep and permanent yellow stain. This resembles the ground colour of tortoise-shell; and to produce the peculiar variegation, the horns are then treated with a particular composition of the red oxide of lead with certain alkaline compounds, which has the effect of first neutralising the action of the acid, and then of imprinting a stain of a deep orange colour. After being carefully washed, dried, and polished, the surface of the combs presents the beautiful and natural appearance of tortoise-shell. Indeed the imitation is so perfect in the best classes of stained combs, that a practised observer only can detect it. We were shown, for example, two specimens of braid-combs, one of real tortoise-shell and another of stained horn; and so much alike were they in their colour and external configuration, that we could not tell which was which, and yet the one comb was worth somewhere about *ten times* more than the other. This operation of staining, which, on the whole, is a somewhat artistic operation, is exclusively performed by women and girls.

There are still some minor departments, which we need not describe in detail. 'Buffing' consists in smoothing the rough surfaces of the horn by means of wheels covered with walrus skin. Side-combs and braids are bent to their peculiar curve by being first heated and then fastened to wooden blocks—an operation that lasts only a few minutes. Pocket-combs have of course a different and peculiar treatment in some stages; such as the formation of the joint, and the putting together of the handles. And there is a department in the works exclusively devoted to the fabrication of horn-spoons, which becomes chiefly remarkable from the circumstance of there being no modern application of machinery to the manufacture. The last process, however, to which all combs are subjected, is that of 'polishing,' which is also effected by means of wheels, but covered with leather of different degrees of softness. After this they are despatched to the warehouse, to be assorted for the last time—the side-combs being stitched to cards, or packed in fancy-boxes, which affords constant work to about twenty women. From hence the combs are distributed over the three kingdoms, to fulfil the great end of their existence. We may add here, that the curious and intricate machinery now employed in the manufacture is made on the premises.

As an appropriate finish to our inspection, we were shewn the patterns of the different kinds of combs, many of them exceedingly beautiful; but we can only notice them in regard to number. Of dressing-combs (counting the different sizes of all the patterns), there were 605; ladies' braid-combs, 612; ladies' side-combs, 525; pocket, small-tooth, horse combs, and sundry articles, 186: in all, 1928 different varieties of combs.

The aggregate number produced of all these different sorts of combs averages upwards of 1200 gross weekly, or about 9,000,000 annually; a quantity that, if laid together lengthways, would extend about 700 miles. The annual consumption of ox-horns is about 730,000, being considerably more than half the imports for 1850; the annual consumption of hoofs amounts to 4,000,000; the consumption of tortoise-shell and buffalo-horn, although not so large, is correspondingly valuable: even the waste, composed of horn-shavings and parings of hoof, which, from its nitrogenised composition, becomes a valuable material in the manufacture of prussiate of potash, amounts to 350 tons in the year; the broken combs in the various stages of manufacture average 50 or 60 gross in a week; and finally, as the crowning illustration of the enormous extent of these combworks, the very paper for packing costs £600 a year.

There are so many beautiful instances of the division of labour here exhibited, that the task of selecting is not easy. But let us take for an example the cheapest article in the trade; namely, the side-combs, sold retail at 1d. per pair—an article that, in its progress from the hoof to the comb—finished, carded, and labelled 'German shell'—undergoes eleven distinct operations. This comb, then, which twenty years ago was sold to the trade at 3s. 6d. per dozen, can now be purchased in the same way for *two shillings and sixpence per gross*; thus effecting a reduction in price of about 1600 per cent.

As a curious illustration of the value of labour, we give the following comparative estimate of the produce of the three materials:—

1 cwt. shell, val. £900, produces combs, val. £275, inc. 37½ per cent.	
1 ton horns, ... 36, 130, ... 168	
1 ton hoofs, ... 12, 36, ... 200	

Regarded in this aspect, in the relation of labour to material, we find that hoofs—intrinsically the least valuable of the three materials—become, with the application of labour, the *most valuable*—that is, proportionably: and the converse holds good in the case of tortoise-shell. The important relation labour bears to the produce may be estimated from the fact, that this establishment pays a larger sum of weekly wages than is now paid for the important business of cotton-spinning in Aberdeen.

Thus much, then, for the produce; and with a cursory glance at the producers we conclude.

At the time of our visit there were in the employment of Messrs Stewart, Rowell, & Co. 456 men and boys, and 164 women—in all, 620 hands—exactly four times the number employed in the comb-trade in all Scotland when they commenced business. This class of artisans were formerly noted for their dissipated habits; but in the present day we were much struck by the quiet and orderly appearance of the men as they poured out of the work at six o'clock. It occurred to us, however, that all this organisation and improvement was not brought about without considerable difficulty and trouble; and we were right. In a conversation with one of the partners, that gentleman, in reply to our inquiries on this point, remarked: 'We know from hard experience a little about the improvement of the working-classes. It is no easy task. Twenty years ago, when we commenced business, we did so under many disadvantages. We had all the difficulties of an overstocked market to contend with; a powerful and well-connected opposition in the English market; defects in our machinery; and other circumstances equally discouraging. We surmounted all these only to find a still greater difficulty with our men. In the habit of working irregularly at home, like tailors, they disliked our systematised division of labour; they resisted, rebelled, and left their work on more than one occasion when they knew we required them most. Nevertheless, we stuck to our principles. We shewed them the necessity of consistent labour for ten hours a day six days in the week. We reasoned with them, but never coerced. We established a temperance society and library in the works, and held out a premium to members, and took every means of rewarding merit, until the conviction at length took root that they obtained substantial justice at our hands, and gradually the annoyance became less, and now is unknown in our works. At this moment we have infinitely less trouble in managing 600 people than we had at one time in managing fifty.'

Conveying to this gentleman our best acknowledgments for his kindness in our brief visit, and especially for the courteous manner in which our somewhat numerous inquiries had been answered, we took our leave of the Aberdeen Combworks—in many respects the most interesting of a numerous class of apparently

insignificant, but really important, branches of manufacture. We were kindly furnished with specimens of side-combs in their various stages, from the hoof to the comb, which we have since had properly labelled, and classed in our 'curiosity shop' as one of the most remarkable illustrations in our day of the division of labour with the aid of machinery.

A DAY'S DREDGING IN SALCOMBE BAY, DEVON.

MICROSCOPIC RESULTS.*

LITTLE should we know of the wonders of the great deep if we merely took note of the forms of life which are visible to the unassisted eye. Almost every tuft of coralline or weed is the seat of a numerous population, of which only the microscope can give us tidings. We cannot estimate the treasures we have gathered until, when the day's work on the water is over, we sit down to the instrument, and find that the spots we had deemed waste are teeming with life and beauty, and that the smallest creature we had recognised is a monster as compared with the pigmy tribes which were swarming unseen around it. We place a portion of one of the larger zoophytes which we have brought home living in a watch-glass containing sea-water, and submit it to the microscope. It is in itself a beautiful object, and we watch with delight the milk-white polypes issuing from their little cells and unfolding themselves like delicate blossoms on the branch. But we soon discover that the fragment before us is infested by a parasitic population; that its surface is covered with minute but wondrous forms of animal and vegetable organisation. That which to the naked eye appears as at most a roughness on the branch, is rendered by the microscope into a multitude of beings, each perfect of its kind, presenting us with the most admirable structure, and often with an exquisite beauty. Most of them belong to the great class of the animalcules—creatures which are universally distributed, which swarm by countless millions in the waters of the earth, and make every lonely pool a scene of busy life and happiness. Minute and insignificant as these beings are, they have a most important mission to fulfil. Their amazing numbers enable them to accomplish works which may truly be called gigantic. A great comparative anatomist has happily styled them, 'Nature's invisible police.' They are commissioned to arrest and bring back the fugitive particles of organised matter when on the point of escaping into the inorganic world. By feeding on the decaying animal and vegetable substances, which are held in solution in the water, they prevent them from passing off into a gaseous state, and convert them into a wholesome pabulum for other and higher tribes. They thus economise for nature, and keep up the supplies of food. They prevent waste—they gather up the fragments: they are also sanitary agents—they form a mighty host of scavengers, and clear the waters of the putrefying matter which would otherwise pour volumes of noxious vapour into our atmosphere.

There are many members of this useful class on the piece of zoophyte now before us. We will examine a few of them. The most numerous and the most graceful are the bell-shaped animalcules (*Vorticella*)—creatures so lovely that the description of them should only be intrusted to the poet. We will attempt a prosaic sketch, but without hoping to do justice to the original. The vorticella consists of a transparent, vase-like body, mounted on a slender, pellucid stem, which is attached to some foreign substance, and can be swayed to and fro at the pleasure of the animal. At the upper extremity of the little vase is the mouth,

and around it is set a circlet of vibratile hairs (cilia), which, by their rapid play, create currents in the water, and whirl the nutritive particles towards the opening. This beautiful ciliary fringe can be retracted at will. Within the body we may distinguish a few globular sacs, like coloured specks in a crystal vessel, which, when the creature is feeding, are in a state of restless motion, and may be seen to circulate at times round the interior cavity. These are probably locomotive cells which receive the food, and distribute it through all portions of the tiny organism. Such is the general structure of these simple beings. Let us watch one of them for a moment. The slender stem is extended to its full length, and swings to and fro (there is a peculiar *grace* in all the movements) beneath the pretty calyx. The cilia are in full play, and a stream of atoms—the 'delicacies of the season'—is hurrying into the mouth of the little *gourmand*. When suddenly alarm is taken, and with the rapidity of thought the cilia are withdrawn, the body contracts into a ball, and the stem into a most beautiful spiral. After the lapse of a second or two the spiral slowly uncoils, the body rises majestically, and the eager pursuit is resumed. Beauty is the great characteristic of these little creatures. It appears in their form, their movements, and their structure. The vorticella are amongst the commonest of microscopic beings. The observer encounters them at all points, and often in the most unlikely localities. Is he examining a drop of ditch-water?—he finds them clustering about every speck of scum which it contains. He detects a minute, irregularly-shaped mass on the stem of a water-plant: as he watches it, it begins to rise, and at last expands into an arborescent vorticella—a miniature tree, the branches of which are all laden with the ciliated bells. A water-flea, or the larva of some insect, makes its appearance beneath the lens, carrying a whole company on its back. Our piece of zoophyte has a multitude upon it, and the little things are darting up and down even amongst the tentacles of the polypes themselves.

A still more curious and beautiful form of vorticella is also present. Here are several little *plumes* of the most symmetrical shape and the extremest delicacy. They might be feathers dropped from the wing of some microscopic bird. Each plume is a compound being. The little branches bear multitudes of the vase-like bodies which we have just described, and their thousands of cilia keep the surrounding fluid in a state of constant agitation. Each of the minute beings associated in this plumous commonwealth enjoys a certain amount of independence—selecting its own food, and employing its cilia at pleasure; but all are subject to a central power or will; for let any cause of alarm present itself, the entire structure, as it were, crumples up, the branches cluster together, and for a time all signs of vitality disappear. Our readers must not forget that the wonderful forms of life which we are now examining are either altogether or all but invisible to the naked eye. We find the spirit of beauty represented in these minims as well as in the grander features of the universe. Wisely has it been said: 'That which we foolishly call vastness is, rightly considered, not more wonderful, not more impressive, than that which we insolently call littleness.'

Another microscopic form of life (*Cothurnia*) is abundant on the marine productions which our dredge has supplied. Imagine a perfectly hyaline case, bounded by lines of beauty which the highest art might copy, and set upon a short and rigid stalk or pedestal. Fixed at the bottom of this 'crystal palace' is a small body, in shape somewhat resembling an Etruscan vase. It rises slowly, stretching itself upward towards the entrance of its little mansion. Having reached it, it throws out a pretty circlet of cilia, which immediately begin to vibrate, and draw towards the mouth the nutritious particles which serve as food. When alarmed,

*See Journal, No. 379.

it suddenly retracts itself, and nestles snugly at the bottom. The body when extended is elongate and tapering, and is attached to the case. It is transparent, and the little sacs, such as we have described in the vorticella, are plainly visible within it. There is something singularly attractive in the graceful form and crystal-like transparency of these little mounted urns, and occurring, as they often do, in profusion on other marine animals, they contribute largely to the microscopic garniture of the ocean. It adds much to the pleasure which their mere beauty affords us to consider that each one of them gives shelter to a happy inmate, whose structure, though so minute, is perfect of its kind, whose little wants are all well supplied, and which witnesses as impressively in behalf of Providence as the most highly-organised and endowed of living beings.

But we must pass from the animalcules, taking no note of the multitudes, minuter far than those we have described, which swarm in each drop of water, and select an example from another tribe. Creeping over the stem which we are examining is a patch of delicate, silvery lacework, as it appears. It consists of a number of small calcareous cells, laid side by side, and forming a 'gauze-like incrustation.' Each cell has an aperture, which is guarded by several spines. It is a snug little home, and has a tenant that we shall presently describe. This structure is one of the moss-corals (*Bryozoa*)—an extensive tribe, which exhibits a comparatively high organisation, and plays an important part amongst the varied population of the 'great waters.' In the specimen under notice there may be some scores of cells; but a single community often comprises many thousands. Stretched over the opening of each cell is a membranous covering, towards one end of which there is a small valve, which opens so as to allow the owner of the dwelling—a polype of exquisite structure—to pass forth. And now one is issuing! The little door is thrown open, and a cylindrical body is protruded for some way, the anterior portion of which (it is a flexible sheath) is unrolled, as you would push out the inverted finger of a glove. From the extremity of this sheath a bundle of tentacles is darted out, which at length expands into a beautiful campanulate figure; and each of these tentacles or arms, which at first sight appear no more than simple filaments, is found upon close examination with the microscope to be thickly clothed with vibratile hairs, which by their incessant strokes drive currents of water towards the mouth, and so provide for nutrition. The internal organisation of these creatures, as well as the mechanism of their cells, is wondrously complete and curious; and the story of their reproduction is a little romance, which it were pleasant to tell had we space at command. Their movements are most vivacious. They dart from their cells, and for awhile the delicate bell-shaped crowns of tentacles are swaying gracefully over the silvery network. But if the water be roughly agitated they vanish on the instant; down they sink beneath the membranous roofs of their little dwellings, the door is close shut behind them, and you can detect no sign of life throughout the colony. There is an extraordinary variety in the form and arrangements of the cells in the different species. In some they form a simple network; in others, they are like little barrels, often curiously sculptured or prettily frosted and granulated; in others, they run along the surface of stone or shell, like a string of beads. The moss-corals occur in immense profusion. On almost every marine production they establish themselves, overlaying with their white and glistening crusts the bare surface of stones and the quiet hollows of deserted shells; investing the stems of zoophyte and sea-plants, and, in short, planting colonies in all conceivable localities, and turning many a waste place into a seat of life, beauty, and happiness. The broad fronds of the larger sea-weeds may often be

found completely 'overwrought with their network.' Mr Landsborough mentions a specimen of one of the tribe which measured five feet in length by eight inches in breadth. 'As every little cell,' he says, 'had been inhabited by a living polype, by counting the cells on a square inch I calculated that this web of silvery lace had been the work and the habitation of above two millions of industrious, and, we doubt not, happy inmates; so that this single colony on a submarine island was about equal in number to the population of Scotland.'

There are also other forms of bryozoa. In many kinds the cells, instead of creeping, are aggregated into plant-like tufts. Here is a little bush of ivory whiteness, rooted to a stem, which we have torn from some submarine forest. It has the general aspect of a plant, but is in truth a compound animal. Its branches are laden with tubular cells, and instead of flowers or fruit it bears polypes. A multitude of these little beings, each in its stony case, are here organically united to form one structure, and from every portion of it they display their ciliated arms, supplying at once their own wants and helping to maintain the common life. These plant-like bryozoa are also numerous, and their history is as full of interest as their forms are full of beauty. But we can dwell no longer upon them at present.

We turn for a moment to the microscopic vegetation which in wonderful profusion and variety spreads over almost every object that comes beneath the lens. We read of the beauty of palm-groves, and of tropical forests, draped with pendant parasites, whose flowers, cast into the most fantastic shapes, painted with gorgeous dyes, or tinted with ethereal delicacy, present a glory of colouring which only the sunset or the rainbow can rival. But hardly less beautiful, and certainly not less wonderful, is this miniature forest, which, all but invisible to the naked eye, clothes the stem of the sea-plant, and gives food and shelter to many tribes. Often have we paused in our search for animalcules through the tangled mazes of these Lilliputian groves to admire the strange and the exquisite forms of the vegetation, and to marvel at the beauty and variety which have been crowded into the obscurest nooks of creation.

The microscopic plants to which we refer belong principally to one family (*Diatomeae*). It were impossible in few words to give any idea of their manifold forms. Here is a little tree, the prettily-variegated leaves of which are arranged in fan-like clusters. Here we have a number of parallelograms, attached one to the other by a single corner, and forming delicate chains which intertwine and hang in glittering masses from the weed. Some of these little chains are richly and elaborately carved. Here is a plant, which in shape is a simple wedge; but the forms are endless, and strange enough they, many of them, are without parallel in the vegetable world. Nor is colour wanting in these tiny forests. Vivid greens, sober browns, and delicate golden tints, give diversity to the foliage. Again we must remind the reader that the forest which we have so imperfectly described is to the naked eye a mere scum on the stalk of a sea-weed!

Much more might be said of these interesting plants. They are amongst the most ancient of vegetable races. The records which they have left of their existence in distant geological ages are such as to fill us with wonder. Endowed with a power of secreting flint, and depositing it in their substance, they are in truth indestructible; and of their remains, minute as they are, whole beds of rock and tracts of country have been in great measure compacted. What changes may they not at this moment be preparing in the condition of our globe?

We have thus glanced at a few of the minute forms of life, animal and vegetable, which abound in the ocean, and which the dredger has the amplest opportunity of examining if he will, and we must now return to the bay and the boat. A fresh haul has just been

made, and amongst the spoils brought up are several of the beautiful creatures popularly known as sea-anemones. They are attached to shells or stones, but having contracted on removal from the water, they present none of the flower-like appearance from which their common name is derived. That their beauty may be fully appreciated, they must be seen displaying their glories beneath a summer sky, in the rock-pools left by the receding tide. There they expand their circlets of brilliantly-coloured arms, and through the clear water the surface of the rock appears as if studded with the choicest flowers. Most of the species have the power of retracting their tentacles within the body, and in this state would be little likely to attract the attention of any but the naturalist. Some of them are also furnished with glands on the surface of the thick skin which envelops them, by means of which they can attach to themselves sand, pebbles, and broken shells, and so conceal themselves from enemies. Often you may observe on the sandy flooring of one of these rock-pools a small heap, as it seems, of such fragments as are plentifully scattered about in the neighbourhood. Watch it for awhile, and soon, especially if the sun happens to look into the pool at the same time with yourself, you may see your little heap opening, and gradually several circles of delicate arms protruded from it, scarlet, orange, or rose coloured, as the case may be, until at length the sea-anemone is full-blown. The tentacles in these creatures are arranged in circular series around the mouth, which is a central opening, and are the instruments by which they obtain their food. They are well-fitted for this purpose, as they can be moved in all directions, and adhere with much tenacity to any object to which they may be applied. They also secrete a poisonous fluid which paralyzes and disables the creatures that may come within their reach. Very admirable instruments they are, and wo to the unwary crab or mollusc that shall tempt their fatal embrace!

One species, which is not uncommon on our coast, has the power of stinging severely, and will almost blister the hand if touched. It is gregarious, a number of individuals generally clustering together, and their long and slender arms (which are not retractile), of a bright sea-green colour, tipped with violet, may often be seen forming a lovely fringe round the margin of the rock-pools. Let no wanderer on the shore, whatever be his errand, if he have an eye for the beautiful, pass these same pools without notice. They will present him with some exquisite scenery. Their sides are clothed with the red tufts of the coralline, with the plumes of the zoophyte, and with whole forests of many-coloured weed; dark ribbon-like fronds stream upward from the bottom, ornamented here and there with patches of the whitest lacework; bright *nullipores* diversify the surface of the stones that lie scattered below; and the sea-flowers, rivaling in their tints the beauties of the garden, leave nothing to be desired in the way of colour.

A very pretty anemone (*Adamsia*) has come up in the dredge, which well illustrates the vividness and variety of colouring for which the members of its order generally are remarkable. The body is, for the most part, light, marked with the brightest purple spots; a pink line encircles the oral opening; and the arms are of a most delicate whiteness.

The polypes, by which the beautiful madrepora of tropical seas, the coral-reefs, and islands are formed, are closely allied in structure to our own sea-anemones. They are not simple animals, but a multitude of them are united together by a gelatinous crust, which secretes a stony skeleton, covered with cells, in which the polypes find shelter. Marvellous have been the operations of these little creatures. In primeval ages their skeletons contributed largely towards the formation of the solid crust of the earth. They are amongst the

mightiest agents in the world to-day, rearing their 'imperishable masonry' from the depths with 'toil unwearable;' building islands for the future habitation of man, or fringing the shores which he now possesses with gigantic barriers, against which the ocean expends its fury in vain. They were at work in creation before man appeared in it, preparing it for him; and they are now effecting changes which he cannot suspend, and the results of which he may not predict.

Like the kindred anemones, these coral-making polypes are remarkable for the brilliancy of their colours. A traveller, describing the coral-reef, tells us that 'vivid greens contrast with more sober browns and yellows, mingled with rich shades of purple, from pale pink to deep blue.' A poet, too, has celebrated the beauty of the 'coral-grove,' where

'With a gentle and easy motion
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear deep sea;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea.'

He who has made acquaintance with the anemones of our own coast will readily believe in the glories of tropical seas.

And what are these leathery masses that lie so thickly at the bottom of the boat? Unsightly enough they certainly appear on slight inspection, but the rough exterior covers a very delicate and perfect organisation. Examine one of them. It is a coarse, thick bag, with two orifices placed on prominences at one end of it. It has no arms, no locomotive or prehensile apparatus whatever. A most helpless being it appears to be. But if you could look within the sac, you would find that full provision has been made for all its wants. Beneath that rough covering are placed the most delicate organs, and wonderful machinery is continually at work, procuring, elaborating, and distributing the required nutrition. This being belongs to a class (*Tunicata*) which is nearly related in structure to the oyster, and other inhabitants of bivalve shells. One of our zoologists has likened it to an oyster tied up at the bottom of a leathern bag! The thick outer covering takes the place in this tribe of a shell, and defends the soft portions of the body. These creatures are attached to stones, shells, or weed, and are extremely abundant in the ocean. A very inactive life they lead, rooted to one spot, and shut up in their leathery houses. They have none of the excitement attendant upon the pursuit and capture of prey to diversify the quiet monotony of their existence. The water passing freely into the interior of the body through one of the apertures mentioned before, bears with it the particles which serve as food, and these are carried by the action of multitudinous cilia to the mouth, which is situated at the lower part of the sac. At first sight this appears a very extraordinary position for the mouth. But a little examination will shew us that it has been adopted with much wisdom for a definite purpose. The upper portion of the bag forms a large chamber, and over the membrane which lines it is spread a network of blood-vessels, in which the fluids are exposed to the action of the water, and thus aerated. This chamber, in fact, discharges the functions of a lung. The surface of the living membrane is covered with cilia, which drive over it unfailling streams of water, and so provide for an effectual oxygenisation of the blood. And these same cilia convey the nutritive particles to the mouth, which is placed at the bottom of the breathing chamber. In this way an important saving in machinery and power is secured. Had the mouth been placed in the usual position, as an opening on the surface, two sets of instruments would have been required—one for the purposes of prehension, the other of respiration. As it is, the very act of breathing procures food. Little can these humble creatures know of the 'cares of subsistence!'

In some of the tunicata the outer envelope is beautifully transparent, and the internal structure and vital movements can be readily observed. You may watch the circulation of the blood, the incessant vibrations of the cilia, and the action of the heart. The dredger is very familiar with the members of this class; and many are the interesting forms with which it supplies him. A large and handsome species is now lying in the boat, which somewhat resembles a mass of white porcelain. These curious gelatinous crusts, too (*Botryllus*), investing the stems of the sea-weed, the surface of which is tessellated with brilliantly-coloured stars, belong to the same tribe. They are compound tunicata; and the stars—green, blue, red, or yellow, which glitter so brightly amongst the dark foliage—are composed of many individuals, whose bodies are immersed in the mass, and ranged round a common centre. A strange form of life this is! We despair of giving any idea of the beauty of the large bunches of weed over which these compound animals have spread their stellate communications, graceful in form, and gay in colouring.

We have referred to the breathing apparatus of the tunicata. It is interesting to note the various methods by which the same function is provided for in different classes. Here we have a sea-slug (*Aplysia*) allied in general structure to the ravager of our gardens. In this creature the respiratory organ consists of an elegant plume-shaped appendage placed at the top of the body. The vessels are distributed over this, which, from its position, is always bathed by the surrounding water, and the blood flowing through them is freely exposed to the influence of oxygen. Gliding about amongst the branches of the weed, we meet with many members of another family of molluscs (*Nudibranchiata*.) These are graceful creatures, related to the tenants of the univalve shells (that is, the whelk), but themselves destitute of all external defence. Their delicately and variously-coloured bodies are for the most part covered with appendages, prettily branched, and resembling miniature trees. These little trees, which wave through the water as the creature moves, are the breathing organs. In others of the tribe these arborescent tufts are aggregated at one point of the body, and 'form a circle of exquisite beauty, and not inappreciable comparable to a flower in appearance and disposition.' These beings, from the brilliancy and variety of their colours, and the gracefulness of their movements, may be said to take the place, in their own submarine groves, of the birds that fill the forests of the upper air.

The examination of these admirable provisions must surely impress the mind with a sense of the amazing resources of the great Maker! And what shall we say of the prevalence, the all but universal presence of beauty? It is superadded to almost everything in nature. The breathing organ of the sea-slug is a graceful plume; the case of the animalcule is of crystalline transparency, and moulded into a shape on which the eye rests with delight; the spine of the urchin is fluted and sculptured.

The most necessary pieces of structure devoted to the commonest functions are invested with a beauty which is in no way essential to their efficiency. 'The Spirit of God,' it has been eloquently said, 'works everywhere alike, covering all lonely places with an equal glory, using the same pencil, and outpouring the same splendour' in the obscurest nooks, and amongst the humblest organisms, as well as in the star-strewn spaces of heaven, and amongst the 'capable witness of His working.' This superadded beauty, which the student of nature meets with at every point in his researches, is a direct revelation of the divine spirit, which it were a miserable affectation to exclude from the science of nature. These things, of a truth, were hardly worth looking into if we might not connect them with the thoughts which they express.

Here we must bring to a close our notes on a day's dredging, leaving material enough for many papers unemployed.

A change has come over Salcombe Bay since we started in the morning: heavy masses of cloud have overspread the summer sky; the sea is curling and breaking into foam, as the wind sweeps fitfully over it; the submarine forests and grottos upon which we looked down in the morning through the clear, calm water are no longer visible; gloom has settled down on the distant cottage; and the cheerful cries have ceased in the neighbouring fields. A dismal bank of fog is, as it were, blocking up the entrance of the harbour, and the Bolt-Head, its rugged summit already shrouded in vapour, frowns a warning which we have no inclination to disregard.

COURT LETTERS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Our readers probably remember the selections made in a late article from the manuscript collection of Sir James Balfour. In that miscellaneous store there are so many other documents of a curious and instructive kind that we cannot resist the temptation to present some further specimens of them. The first we shall select is a small prettily-written note, eminently pleasing both in its appearance and its contents. It is from the widowed Duchess of Lenox to King James I. of England:—

'MY SOVEREIGN LORD—According to your majestys gracious pleasure signified unto me, I have sent a young man to attend you, accompanied with a widows prayers and tears that he may wax old in your majestys service, and in his fidelity and affection may equal his ancestors departed: so shall he find grace and favour in the eyes of my lord the King; which shall revive the dying hopes, and raise the dejected spirits of a comfortless mother. —Your majestys most humble servant,

KA. LENOX.'

This letter has already been printed in one of the small volumes edited by Lord Hailes, of which but a very few copies, however, were circulated. But in the same collection of manuscripts there is another applicable to the same subject, which has never, so far as we know, appeared in print. We are almost sorry to draw attention to it, as it certainly is a sad contrast to the purity and affectionate beauty which seem to pervade the brief appeal to royal generosity. The document in question commences thus—it would be tedious to give it entire:—

'THE LADY DUCHESS OF LENOX—HER DEMANDS.

'Three thousand pounds per annum during her life, in lieu of 1500 pound lands sold for her lords debts, and in lieu of a jointure having brought 1500 pounds land more to the house of Lenox.

'Such averages as are due upon the Pattent of sweet wines—viz., from the date of the Pattent to the delivery thereof to the Lord Marquis Hamilton.

'The benefit of the Pattent of coles towards the charge of maintaining her children.

'A somme of money to discharge this halfe yeares expense, little rentes coming in and no benefit at all by these pattents.

'After her decease 2000 poundes per annum to be confirmed to the Duke her son for 21 yeares, in lieu of the Pattents of the green wax and sweet wines, which in true value are worth 3500 per annum, and nevertheless her Grace will be contented on the former conditions to surrender them both to His majesty.'

The reader will see in this how coolly monopolies not only of the moderate luxuries of life, such as sweet wines, but of the necessaries, such as coals, were dis-

posed of to the grasping nobility in that corrupt age. Times are surely improved since the day when a lady could unblushingly ask the produce of a duty on coals 'towards the charge of maintaining her children.' These monopolies or patents were a main cause of the discontents of James's reign, and of the actual conflict in that of his son.

The Duke of Lenox, whose widow shewed herself so able and active, was the son of that Esme Stewart who brought King James into so much disgrace as a dissolute favourite. His successor had but a brief enjoyment of his honours and emoluments, since he only succeeded to the title in 1624, and died on the 22d July of that year. The widow was the daughter of Gervase Lord Clifden, who was committed to the Tower for threatening the life of Lord Keeper Bacon, and afterwards committed suicide; the duchess subsequently married the Earl of Abercorn. The son for whom she appealed so pathetically became Duke of Richmond. The solicitations in his favour were sufficiently effective; for he had emoluments and honours heaped on him both by James and his son. Clarendon says: 'He was a man of very good parts, and an excellent understanding, yet, which is no common infirmity, so diffident of himself that he was sometimes led by men who judged much worse. He was of a great and haughty spirit, and so punctual in point of honour that he never swerved a tittle. He had so entire a resignation of himself to the king, that he abhorred all artifices to shelter himself from the prejudice of those who, how powerful soever, failed in their duty to his majesty, and therefore he was pursued with all imaginable malice by them, as one that would have no quarter upon so infamous terms as but looking on while his master was ill-used.'

We turn to another curious application to the same quarter by a mother also pleading for patronage to her son. It is much longer than the Duchess of Lenox's, and very different in character. In appearance it is neater than the finest printing, being in Roman letters, with finer hairstrokes than printing-ink or types can lay down, being only equalled in fineness by copperplate printing. We give it exactly as it is spelt, for a purpose that will presently appear:—

'MOST MIGHTIE MONARCHE—Darre I presume upon th' honor and credit that I have had at divers tymes to speake your Royal Majesté, and hath ever found your highnes favour, and upon the gracios accepting of a little work by this youth given to your Highnes at Striveling, called *Sidus Celeste*, as to make humble suite for this one and last thing to this my only sonne, who, having passed his course two yeares ago, would gladlie follow theologie, if it shall please God. Yet as Dedalus was not hable to frie himself of his imprisonment in the Ile Creta but by the help of wings mead of pennes and wax: even so my sonne is not able to frie himselfe of inhabilitie to effectuat this his affection but by the wings of your Maties letter, composed by pen and waxe, through the which he may have his flight happilie to sum fellowship either in Cambridge or Oxford as occasion shall fall out; wherefore, gracios King, lett your most humble handmaid find this last favour in your sight to direct one of this noble men by you, to signifie your highnes will and command unto your secretarie, that when this my sonne shall notifie unto him of any fellowship, he may receive without any hinderance your Majesties letter in the strictest manner. For the which I may have my tossed mynd releevd of the great cair I have perpetuallie for this said youth. And we all of us will never ceese to beseech God to preserve and prolong your Majesties lyfe, with many happie and prosperous yeeres to reigne over us. Edinburgh, the xx of Juny 1620. Your Maties most humble subject, ESTHER INGLIS.'

This Esther Inglis was so celebrated for her beautiful writing, that there are several biographical notices of

her. One of them is in 'Harding's Biographical Mirror.' She uses one of the forced metaphors of the day, and it is amusingly characteristic of a person distinguished for calligraphy, or the art of beautiful penmanship—one which then ranked with the fine arts, at least in the eyes of its professors. What was called the Italian hand—the same that is now written—was then coming into use, especially with women of high rank, and superseding the strange grotesque angularities presented by the Gothic, when used quickly, in familiar correspondence. A person like Esther Inglis, with great command of her pen, would, at an epoch like that, be of supreme importance, and doubtless she derived great part of her fame from the admiration of her achievements, by the ladies trying to acquire the Italian hand. The following is a letter from a lady who had acquired the fashionable form of writing, but had evidently little of the fundamentals of education, though she was a very great personage indeed—no other than the duchess of the all-powerful Duke of Buckingham, the favourite successively of James and his son Charles. She, too, writes to King James. The subjects of her letter, so far as they can be made out, will be deemed rather curious as occupying the attention of the modern Solomon. But the spelling is the most remarkable part of it. We must not judge of its rudeness by that of the present day, but it is fair enough to compare it with that of Esther Inglis; and in doing so, to conclude that the wife of the favourite before whom the greatest statesmen of the day trembled, had little better education than a chambermaid of modern times:—

'MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MATI—I have received the too boxex of drid ploms and graps, and the box of violatt caks and chickens, for all which I most humbly thanke your Matl. I hope my Lord Anan has told your Matl that I ded mean to wene Mall very shortly. I wood not by any means a don it till I had furst mad your Matl acquainted with it, and by reason my cuzen Bet's boy has binn ill of latt, for fere shee should greove and spyle her mylke, maks me very desirous to wene her, and I thinke she is ould eneuft, and I hope will endure her wening very well, for I thinke there was never child card les for the breast than shee dos, so I do entend to make trial this night how she will endure it this day. Praying for your Matl health and long life, I humbly take my leve.—Your Matl most humbll servant, K. BUCKINGHAM.'

In the same collection there are a quantity of ill-conditioned scrawls, written by one who was evidently perfectly at his ease, and cared not what sort of paper he used or how he wrote—full of blots, interlineations, and all manner of literary patchwork. These are letters by the great Duke of Buckingham himself to his patron the king, who had endowed him—a foolish, headstrong, insolent youth—with the principal offices of the realm, not excepting that of lord high admiral. In these letters, full of fulsome familiarity, and forming, indeed, an unsavoury specimen of the manners of the times, Buckingham signs himself 'Stinie.' This is the Scottish vernacular familiar for Stephen, and it appears that it was a name given by the monarch to his favourite on account of his resemblance to the apostle's representation in a picture. We shall give a short specimen of this correspondence, not taking the trouble of copying the spelling precisely, as we did that of the duchess. The reader will doubtless notice the bold dealing with important affairs of state, and the insolently-familiar conclusion. The letter appears to have been written at the time when parliament began to attack the duke, on the return of Charles I. from his romantic expedition to Spain. Buckingham was the projector of the expedition, and it was evidently through his pride and insolence that it became abortive. Here is the letter, selected as one of the shortest of those from the duke:—

'DEAR DAD AND GOSSIP—The cause of my troubling

you so soon with a letter is, that there is a jealousy raised in the lower house, how that yet the two treaties are not absolutely broken off. The Prince, Hamilton, Pembroke, Lancaster, and myself, who have all seen your dispatch to the king of Spain, thinks if that was shewed to them it would fully content them. We all likewise think there is nothing in it but what they may well see; and because on Tuesday they pass the bills of subsidy, I think it will not be amiss to be read to them, which, if your majesty like and allow of, I will call for it of the secretary, and to-morrow morning read it to them. So craving your blessing, I kiss your dirty hands, and end your majesty's most humble slave and dog.

STINIE.

The fate of this vain coxcomb, whose power became almost unlimited throughout Britain, is well known: he was stabbed at Portsmouth while preparing to set out at the head of an expedition to raise the siege of Rochelle. The assassin was an insane lieutenant named Felton, who had served under him, and had been disappointed in his hope of being raised to the rank of captain. He dropped his hat while committing the murder, with a paper in it, shewing the direction of his insane malice. This paper was, by the way, in the possession of an autograph collector with whom we were acquainted, and formed the glory of his collection.

An assassination is always abhorrent to English feeling; and little as the duke was liked, either by the aristocracy or the middle classes, his death created a profound sensation. The collection of manuscripts of which we have been making use shews, however, that at least one man had a perverted enough taste to attempt to commemorate the event in exulting poetry. We wonder how any one in that age dared to preserve such a production. The self-esteem of authorship might tempt a man to write it, but there is nothing in its merits to induce a collector to brave any danger for its preservation. The commencement will be quite enough to satisfy the reader of its quality.

AN ENCOURAGEMENT TO YE NOBLE LIEUTENANT WHOSE SLEWE
YE GREAT DUKE FOR REDEMPTION OF HIS COUNTRY.

'Immortal man of glorie whose brave hand
Hath once began to disenchant our land
From magique thralldomme. One proud man did mate
The nobles, gentles, commons, of the state,
Strook peace and warre at pleasure, hurles down all
That to his idoll greatness would not fall
With grovelling adoration. Sacred rent
Of Brittan, Saxon, Norman, Princes spent,' &c.

The allusions to Spain in connection with the Duke of Buckingham and Prince Charles naturally lead us to a volume of Sir James Balfour's Collection, which may be found to throw light on some mysterious intrigues of King James before he ascended the throne of England. The documents appear to justify a pretty prevalent suspicion, that he was endeavouring to secure the assistance of the Roman Catholic courts to aid him in ascending the English throne should it turn out that Queen Elizabeth indicated another successor, or that in any other way he might be likely to lose the support of the Protestants. Lord Semple, who had lived for a considerable time in Spain, appears to have been the moving-spring of these intrigues. His letters are extremely curious, and we would say from their spelling that they shew the writer to have forgotten his native language, and become imbued with Spanish. We shall conclude this article with the commencement of one of them, given exactly as it is spelt:—

'It vill ples your Magestie yat eftir my arrual hir I conferrit vith ye crunal [colonel] my cusing for tryall of ye King of Spains mening touartis Zour magestis titill to ye crune of Inoland qua mersualit not littil yat in so rechti [weighty] a mater zour ma nader gef me

comissuine nor varrand in na sort. Aluayis he hes gotin satisfaxsiune to zour magesti and yat sua sekretlie as na man hir knauis of it safen ane of ye cunsull quha is his grit frind.'

THE FRENCH ON INDUSTRIAL TRAINING.

THE number for June last of that eminent periodical, the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' presents us with an interesting article from the pen of M. Audiganne, devoted to *L'Enseignement Industriel*, which the author uses as a translation of our expression, 'industrial training.' We have repeatedly had occasion to comment on this important subject; but preparatory to some notice of the French views, we shall state briefly what we understand by industrial training as practised in this country. When the system of Ragged Schools was established, some gentlemen who had devoted their attention to practical economics, while they admitted that much good would be accomplished by them, questioned how far the system could be safely carried. They feared that there was a point at which we must stop in affording immediate homes to all children left destitute by their parents, especially if the establishments in which they were received merely gave them temporary occupation, without raising their capabilities or fitting them for self-support. In fact, carried to a certain extent, it might hold out temptations to parents who otherwise might provide for their offspring, to leave them to the always inferior resource of public charity. It was felt, however, that within the partial sphere which they as yet occupy there was an element capable of being introduced in these establishments which could not fail greatly to improve their usefulness, and make them effective for the permanent reformation of at least a portion of society—this was the system of industrial training. Now, to perceive the efficacy of this principle, observe that from their very commencement industry was associated with these institutions. The poor wanderers who received food and instruction in them were to be occupied in work: but in what work? Naturally in that most cheaply and easily supplied, and therefore, though this might not be obvious to the benevolent founders of the system, least valuable. The pupils were to pick down old ropes into tow or oakum; to sort hair and wool; to make mats, and nets, and the like. They were thus kept out of mischief for the time being, but were not permanently redeemed from pauperism. The occupations we have mentioned are all pauper employments, next door to utter idleness, and incompetent for self-support. They tended, then, to place the managers of the Ragged Schools in this dilemma—that after all their efforts they did little to raise the class for whom they so zealously laboured.

When we ask how these poor outcasts have become what they are, we find that their parents, perhaps their ancestors for generations, have descended from the productive or respectable classes to the unproductive or predatory. The waifs of society, even when they work, do not produce. Be it through thimble-rigging, pocket-picking, or begging, they live by the transference to themselves of what others produce—not by producing. It appeared, then, that if the children of these classes—so many of them at least as filled the Ragged Schools—could be brought from the unproductive class in which they were born into the respective and productive rank, there would be a clear gain to society. This was the principle on which training in skilled labour—in the occupation of the tailor, the shoemaker, the carpenter, and the smith—was applied to the Ragged Schools, which have been gradually changing their name to Industrial Schools. The French writer admits the solidity and unquestionable practical advantage of this element. He states that the principle of Ragged Schools is in itself not free

from question, and that economic criticism may find abuses in it, but that it has the merit of founding the industrial system (*Le régime des ragged schools n'est pas inattaquable. La critique économique y pourrait relever des abus; mais enfin L'Angleterre doit à ces écoles la première application un peu large de l'enseignement industriel.*)

The author justly attributes the merit of commencing the system to the United Industrial School of Edinburgh, where it is still among the best managed (*L'Unité Industrielle Ecole d'Edinbourg, une de celles où l'enseignement pratique est le mieux organisé, &c.*) In this establishment it has not only been found that lads, after they are there for from two to three years, are readily taken by tradesmen who give them good wages, and are thus fairly started in an independent career in life; but the training has been very useful to the discipline of the establishment in giving an object sufficient to occupy the minds of a set of creatures whose way of life has prematurely excited their energies and capacities.

Nothing, however, could exhibit better the contrast between the practical habits of the two nations than the Frenchman's commentary on this interesting, but in itself purely local and limited experiment. In France he would not have it confined to the operation of private benevolence, but would connect it with the national economy, and have a vast system of industrial training (*au lieu d'appartenir au domaine de la bienfaisance, les écoles industrielles deviennent en France une Institution économique.*) Thus in this quiet practical country, a few gentlemen go down a dark close, and get a few carpenters, tailors, shoemakers, &c. to teach their trades to a set of charity children, carefully watching the progress of the operation lest it turn out to be a fallacy in their hands. But no sooner does the brilliant and theorising Frenchman see its advantages than he must forthwith find it a grand instrument for national regeneration. We need not speculate for our neighbours—they do that abundantly for themselves; but for this country, much good as we can see in the system of industrial training, we hold that it is advantageous only within limits. It is a good rule *here* at least never to do for the people individually what they can do and may be brought to do for themselves. Independent self-support is the bone and muscle of this great country's greatness. Alas for our fate if there were not a hundred children started in life through the efforts of their parents for every one that is brought up and provided for by charitable or other public institutions! If we were to train up the children of all our working-classes in trades according to government regulations and with national funds, they would soon cease to be that great working class which they now are.

The article on which we have been commenting is extremely interesting, as containing a general view of what has been done by governments for the furtherance of industry in various parts of the world. Schools of design, and those establishments which, by teaching, lectures, libraries, expositions, or the like, give the artisan the means of improving himself, are, we believe, unquestionably advantageous. But the accounts of the result of farther interference and official regulation are not very promising. In Prussia the certificate of capacity which a mason, a joiner, a wheelwright, &c. requires, does not bring him nearly up to the level of the same kind of workman in this country. The author shows that it is in lazy, incapable Italy that most is done by government for the workman. We wonder why so little—nothing at all almost—is done in Holland, that hive of industry: a nation more industrious indeed, as a whole, than our own, since nearly all its people are of the same energetic character as the Saxon race in Britain. But we think the author hardly sees the force of the solution which he himself

suggests—that government intervention to inculcate industry is superseded in a country where every household is an industrial school. We fear it is not in the power of statesmen to supply the want of such a characteristic by government arrangements.

Lines Addressed to a Miniature.

BY A LADY.

Thou knowest not, thou faithful miniature,
The strange delight thy lines to me afford—
Thy mimic features, with their placid mien,
Calm and unmoved, unconscious of my eye!
Here I may gaze and dream, and fear no blame;
This I may love and prize unseen—alone.

How nobly truth and innocence combined
Sit on that brow, and dwell within those eyes!
How sweetly on those closed and manly lips
Firmness and love together hold their sway!
Thy form I see, with strength and courage braced,
Thy glance with all its native energy!

In vain I met, I knew, approved, and loved
Him whose most truthful likeness thou dost bear;
In vain I watched his eye, forestalled his wish,
Welcomed his presence, and his absence mourned;
I learned his flame—I smoothed his path to joy;
My fate was sealed—his love was not for me!

And there is one who drinks from those fond lips
Words of delight and accents of deep love;
Who reads entranced his soul's impassioned vows
From those deep, earnest, and most loving eyes;
On whom his every thought, his every wish
Is fixed, and chill or change shall never know.

And be it so! worthy are ye of bliss!
May Heaven its choicest blessings freely pour,
Strew all your earthly path with fragrant flowers,
And lead to realms of everlasting day!
My heart is rent, my inmost spirit scared,
But prayer and silence shall alone be mine.

I. H. R.

'THE LADIES' GUILD.'

As a pendant to the article on this Association in our last Number, we are now enabled to mention that the Guild is not intended to be confined to Miss Wallace's patent. It will likewise provide an economical but genteel home for lady-artists, wood-engravers, fancy-workers, &c. who in the sale of their productions will enjoy the advantage of the commercial arrangements of the Guild. This extension of the plan adds greatly to the importance of the institution, and justifies the promoters in inviting such persons as will be satisfied, for the sake of the benevolent object, with 3 per cent. interest to assist in forming the small capital required by taking L.5 shares.

VULGAR FESTIVITIES.

It is indeed a sorry business when the British people has it in mind to be festive. As though bewildered at the very thought of twenty-four hours' absolution from toil, the artisan betakes himself to strongest beer to nerve his frame for the contrast, and inspires fumes of blackest tobacco to dim his perception as to the difficulties of his position; and to this beclouded and frenzied condition of their supporters do the caterers of holiday amusement address themselves. In no country in the world is so little art employed, so little invention exerted, such obstinate attachment to worn-out routine, as among our show people. All is coarse, supremely silly, or simply disgusting. There is no genuine mirth, no healthy expansion of the spirits. Riot and low debauchery are its substitutes.—*Times.*

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